

ODE
FOR
MUSICK
ON

St. Cecilia's Day.

Written by Mr. POPE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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O. D. E.

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I.



EScEND ye nine! descend and
sing;
The breathing instruments in-
spire,
Wake into voice each silent
string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!

D 3

In

ODE for MUSICK.

In a sadly pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echos rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

Till by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

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II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;

Or when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;

Pours balm into the bleeding Lover's wounds:

Melancholy lifts her head;

Morpheus rowzes from his bed;

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;

Intestine war no more our passions wage,

Ev'n giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

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III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,

While *Argo* saw her kindred trees

Descend from *Pelion* to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,

Enflam'd with glory's charms:

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,

And half unsheath'd the shining blade;

And seas and rocks and skies rebound

To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

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IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming *Phlegeton* surrounds,
Sad *Orpheus* sought his consort lost;
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard
Around the dreary coast,
But dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.

See

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See shady forms advance!

Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still;

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang listning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' *Elysian* flow'rs,

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,

Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs:

By the hero's armed shades

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By

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By the youth that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life;
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r;
Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell;
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

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VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:

Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,

Beside the falls of fountains,

Or where *Hebrus* wanders,

Rolling in *Mæanders*,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown.

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with furies surrounded,

Despairing confounded,

He

St. Cecilia's Day.

II

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst *Rhodope's* snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

Hark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries--

---Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Enrydice the woods,

Euridice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest griefs can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please :

Our

He

12 ODE for MUSICK.

Our joys below it can approve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found;

And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;

Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear!

Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,

To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

F I N I S .

